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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LII. CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 24, 1903. NUMBER 4

Religion's purest presence was not found,
By the first followers of our Savior's creed
In stately fanes where trump and timbrel sound
Sent up the chorus in a strain agreed,
And where the decked oblation's wail might plead
For guilty man with Abraham's holy seed.

Not in vast domes, horizons hung by men,
Where golden panels fret a marble sky,
And things below look up and wonder when
Those life-like seraphim would start and fly!
Not where the heart is mastered by the eye
Will worship, anthem-winged, ascend most high.

But in the damp cathedral of the grove,
Where Nature feels the sanctitude of rest,
Or in the stillness of the sheltered cove,
Which noiseless water-fowl alone molest,
At times a reverence will pervade the breast
Which will not always come, a bidden guest.

Oft as the parting smiles of day and night
Flush earth and heaven with a roseate hue,
And the quick changes of the magic light
Prolong the glory of their warm adieu,
Each pilgrim on the hills, and every crew
On the lulled waters, frame their vows anew.

T. W. Parsons.

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UNITY

VOLUME LII. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1903. NUMBER 4

Once more the editorial sanctum and the business desks of the Unity Publishing Company are "At Home" at 3939 Langley avenue, Chicago. After a ten weeks' sojourn at Tower Hill, Wisconsin, business will now be conducted at the old stand. Gracious acknowledgment is herein made to the many friends who have patiently borne with the inconveniences and mistakes incident to the long-armed management of a weekly paper two hundred miles away from the place of publication. Considering that the "Staff" was putting in its vacation at the same time, we believe our readers will join in the verdict that the work was tolerably well done under the circumstances. Thankful for past favors, we are now ready for further recognition in the same way and will proceed to do our level best in, for, and with Chicago.

UNITY would make humble amends for the typographical indignity offered Emerson on the first page of its issue for September 3. For "show," the closing word of the third line, please read "slow." Some of our readers, we are sure, will be glad to correct their preserved copies.

The *Christian Life* of London in an interesting note tells how forty years ago Samuel Sharpe, the eminent "antiquarian geologist," gave to the British Museum an Egyptian granite statue which has waited until now for identification. "The other day," it says, "the Egyptologist identified the figure as that of the son of Rameses II., who flourished about 1330 B. C., and is thought to have been the magician who withstood Moses." More than likely he was the boy who played ball and went swimming with Moses (if the story of Moses as we have it be credited), when they were children together. Surely history has a curious way of perpetuating interesting companionships.

The *Church Economist* says that "the rediscovery of woman as a part of the official machinery of the church is one of the marked features of modern Protestantism." This is well, but unless something is done about it before it is too late, it will be found that in many Protestant churches the woman force is not a gain but a substitution. Valuable as is the rediscovery, it is bought at too high a cost if it means the retirement of the men. Perhaps here is a most striking illustration of the principle developed by Herbert Spencer in his "Data of Ethics," viz., an excess of altruism defeats itself and perpetrates a cruelty. It is unkind in the women to do so much church work for the men. It is noble in them to do so much splendid work with the men. Perhaps the work of the church would better go undone for a while if thereby the segregating process may be checked in our churches.

The *Christian Century* is the Chicago representative of the Christian connection. The issue of August 27 has for its frontispiece a map of the United States dotted with the 716 churches that have been built by the Church Extension Board during the year ending July 1, 1903. Two hundred and ninety of these are represented by black dots, which indicate that they have been paid for by local energy and money. The remaining are represented by circles, indicating that they have been aided by the Church Extension Board. This is remarkable activity in these days of confessed church torpidity. The center of this great activity seems to be west of the Mississippi river. Missouri, Kansas, the Indian Territory and Texas represent the most spotted territory. The growth of this denomination is mose phenomenal and asks for an explanation. Is it because of all the so-called evangelical movements it is the least trammeled by creed or form? Their confession of faith is a simple biblical one. Their insistent ceremonies are simply those of baptism and communion, and these are administered with an informal hand and with practical interpretations. Perhaps the Christian denomination represents the liberal movement in its aggressive form in the more rural and newer sections of the United States. To our mind this movement is a most interesting and promising one and challenges closer study.

The "Event" of last week in Chicago was a dressmakers' convention. "Madame Baker," whom the newspapers call "Chicago's most fashionable modiste," was the oracle. As president of the convention she was much in evidence, and her words have received wide circulation. She gave to the press her estimate of what it costs "the average society woman who has not a millionaire's bank account at her command," to "keep up with the procession" for one year, "providing she is willing to economize a trifle on evening dresses," which is possible in Chicago, "because Chicago men work so hard, even the millionaires, that there are few evening functions." This modest outfit calls for two thousand a year. This gives her annually five new gowns and three new hats each season; or, to be more specific, the table published counts ten new gowns of various descriptions, six new hats, without counting house gowns, shoes, gloves, etc., which are put down at five hundred dollars. This

apparently is regarded as an easy task for the women who are in the "procession." Concerning these matters UNITY is not entitled to an opinion, but it is in position to express sympathy for that large pathetic class who are not in the procession but who are straining every nerve to keep in sight of it and who are in continual terror lest the procession may suddenly turn a corner and pick them up just once or twice during the parade—and they must always be ready, for the unexpected happens at unexpected times. Perhaps it is also pertinent for UNITY to ask, What is the "procession" anyhow, and whither is it going? Is it a compliment or otherwise to be found in it? What if some day public sentiment were to take just a little tilt so that the term would become a reproach and women found in the "procession" should find themselves losing caste in the estimation of the noblest, the true leaders of society? When extravagance in dress comes to be regarded as a sign, not of good taste but of bad morals, then such extravagance will cease, and the needle industry will begin to grow ethical.

"Righteous Indignation,"—Where Does It Belong?

An earnest, loyal, and anxious friend of UNITY sends us a series of resolutions recently passed by the local Encampment of the Union Veteran Legion of Indianapolis, Indiana, with the hope that they will meet our endorsement and secure publication in our columns. Our correspondent further adds, "I think Lee far more to blame than the sincerely mistaken Calhoun. It is certainly right to forgive, but to mix it with a lack of self-respect and an intimation that justice is out of fashion is going too far. I read the nineteenth Psalm with satisfaction and think that there has been a deal too much interference with this same 'righteous judgment.'"

We certainly are glad to give room to this patriotic expression of our comrades in the great struggle. We are also sure that nothing can be done by art, poetry or statutory enactments to make Robert E. Lee other than a pathetic type of a good man gone wrong. His story will always be a conspicuous illustration of misplaced heroism and a warning to those who are tempted to yield to the near incentives of time and space, to steer their course by the local headlands of family, state, race, or creed, rather than by the eternal stars of justice, liberty, and the rights of universal man.

For this reason we believe that Virginia can give to General Lee no unkinder cut than in exposing the statue of her favorite son to the perpetual criticism, however loving, the apologizing comment of the passing multitudes in the statuary hall of the national capitol.

Of Robert E. Lee's ability, graciousness, and devotion to her interests as he saw it, and self-sacrifice to principle as he understood it, Virginia may well be proud. But we believe that eventually the better judgment as well as the truer love of Virginia will find other and better ways of honoring him than by asking a place for him in the galleries of the nation whose life he sought with such fell skill and awful power. We do not wonder that these Indiana veterans should feel this strongly, and because they expressed that feeling forcibly, frankly, and sincerely, we reproduce their resolutions:

"To the Colonel and Comrades of Encampment No. 80, Union Veteran Legion:

"Your committee appointed to investigate and report concerning the placing of the statue of Robert E. Lee in Statuary Hall, Washington, D. C., submits the following:

"Whereas, Congress passed an act known as the act of July 2, 1864, as follows:

" 'Suitable structures and railings shall be erected in the old Hall of Representatives for the reception and protection of statuary, and the same shall be under the supervision and direction of the chief of engineers in charge of public buildings and grounds. And the President is authorized to invite all the States to provide and furnish statues in marble or bronze, not exceeding two in number for each State, of deceased persons who have been citizens thereof and illustrious for their historic renown or for distinguished civic or military service, such as each State may deem to be worthy of this national commemoration; and when so furnished the same shall be placed in the old hall of the House of Representatives in the Capitol of the United States, which is set apart, or so much thereof as may be necessary, as a national statuary hall for the purpose herein indicated.'

"Whereas, It is evident that at the time of the passage of the act of July 2, 1864, the intent of Congress was to have only the statues of loyal men included in its provisions; therefore, be it

"Resolved, That by granting permission to the State of Virginia to place a statue of Robert E. Lee in the Capitol, Congress would offer an insult to the Union soldiers now living and to the memory of the soldiers dead; soldiers who have died after years of wrestling with disease induced by the hardships of the war, as well as those who died on the battlefield; that the insult extends to the mothers, wives and daughters of these soldiers, living and dead, as well as to their fathers, husbands and sons.

"Resolved, That the memories of the awful sacrifice of the civil war are yet too vivid for a loyal people to willingly see one of the chief, perhaps the chief man, who fought on the wrong side of the civil war, honored equally with patriots whose lives were spent in the work for the maintenance of the Union, or freely given that the republic might live.

"Resolved, That Robert E. Lee had less excuse for being a traitor than many who espoused the Confederate cause. He had the confessed knowledge that he was wrong. He sinned against the light of judgment, of his own conscience and reason. His home was in view of the beautiful Capitol of his country. He was related by marriage and association with the Father of his Country. He could not look from his doorway without being reminded of the birth of this nation, which he had taken a sacred oath to defend, for he was then in the regular army, a trusted confidant of the commanding general. He led his treasonable Confederates in the first two engagements of the war dressed in the United States uniform, the uniform of the country he was trying to destroy. In view of all this, Robert E. Lee has forever forfeited the right to be represented by his statue among the true and loyal men who are commemorated in our national Capitol.

"Resolved, In view of a recent editorial in the chief Republican journal of our State, we, as soldiers and as men, protest against the maudlin mixing up of forgiveness and justice; that we assert it is one thing to be as a nation, charitable, even forgiving to traitors, and quite another thing to declare by our actions and granted privileges that treason shall be equally honorable with patriotism.

"Resolved, That we feel this great wrong more keenly, that our own time to work and to protest is daily drawing nearer the close, that we are unwilling that the children, and the children's children, who shall in time come to view the statues of those who wrested with gigantic difficulties in the making and maintaining this our well-beloved nation, shall be met with the incomprehensible action of putting in the midst of the statues of noble, loyal men and patriots, the statue of one who deliberately branded himself as an arch traitor.

"Why, we beg to ask, does not Virginia choose one of her sons, equally famous with Robert E. Lee, for all gentlemanly qualities, and who in addition has world renowned fame as a general and a patriot? Why, if Virginia is now sincerely loyal, did she not choose for her representative Gen. George H. Thomas, the 'Rock of Chickamauga?'

"Resolved, That we protest against the old and dangerous

doctrine of States' rights which the granting of Virginia's request implies. Is one State greater than a union of States? Is a part greater than the whole? Was it not enough that in 1890 the streets of Richmond again blossomed with Confederate flags, when the statue of Jefferson Davis was unveiled with all possible honors? Are we as a nation so childish and so weak as to be still oblivious to the result of natural law? Will not the granted privilege of sowing anew the seeds of treason entail upon the nation the awful cost of again suppressing treason?

"Resolved, That we beg to remind Congress that, although the ranks of the soldiers are yearly growing less, we believe the principles for which the soldiers fought have still the chance of growth as well as life. And we do declare our belief that no man who accepts the honor and responsibility of representing the loyal people of this country can ignore those principles without being finally overwhelmed with the dissatisfaction of the people.

"Resolved, That we pledge ourselves anew to see to it, at the polls, as well as by individual effort, wherever opportunity offers, to nominate and elect men who have a just appreciation not alone of our own sacrifice in the civil war, but of the real needs of the country these sacrifices helped to save—men, who, although coming into public life after the civil war closed, have some realization of the conditions which caused the war and some intelligent purpose to avoid another war and keep, if possible, our nation free from the second growth of treason.

"Resolved, That we endeavor to send these resolutions broadcast, reaching the people and arousing them to the sense of a new danger—reaching our comrades of every encampment, who will not need to hear the beat of the long roll more than once, and who will, we believe, join us in one more peaceful effort to save our country from the effects of sugar-coated treason.

"Resolved, That we most earnestly request our Senators and Representatives at an early date to prepare, present and vigorously advocate the passage of an amendment to the act of July 2, 1864, to the effect that the statue or bust of any person who ever aided or abetted treason or bore arms against the United States, shall be excluded from the provisions of this act.

"HORACE M'KAY,
"FRANK R. NEW,
"DANIEL H. M'ABEE,
"JAMES H. PORTER,
"BENJAMIN D. MINER."

Having thus indicated our respect for the patriotism indicated in the above resolutions, and our sympathy with the old soldiers in whose hearts still burns the fire of loyalty which blazed into such heroic glory in 1861-65, we must add that we do not share their apprehension that the records of the war will be blurred or the judgments of posterity confused should Virginia be allowed to place the image of Robert E. Lee in statuary hall. Magnanimity is the highest characteristic of the true soldier. Forgiveness is not forgetfulness, and a recognition of valor is never to be confused with an approval of the cause in the interest of which the valor was displayed. Should the youths of America find Lee among the patriots, it would be interpreted as a tardy recognition of the morality of the Sermon on the Mount; it woud be a belated indication that the great idealist of Nazareth did not outreach the possibilities of human nature when he begged of men to love their enemies, bless them that cursed them, do good to them that hated them, and pray for those who despitefully used them and persecuted them. Such a statue in such a place would be an assurance that the poet's dream is to come true; that the time is surely coming when war drums will beat no longer and battle flags will be furled.

Let us not be misunderstood. We do not believe that this hall in the national capitol is a fitting place for the statue of Robert E. Lee, but let the responsibility of putting it there rest with Virginia rather than that the responsibility of keeping it out should rest with the old soldiers who did so well their work in 1861-65. History can be trusted to rightly interpret the motive in either event.

When the courtiers of Charles V. sought him to express his opposition and indignity at the grave of Martin Luther he replied, "I war with the living, not with the dead." And so the "old soldier" has a more worthy target for his "righteous indignation" than this, when they see State after State tinkering with their Constitutions that they may perpetuate an indignity to the black man, for whose rights the awful war-price was paid; when the existing statutes of State and Nation are persistently and studiously laid aside in order to perpetuate not only the race distinction, but the injustice and debauchery that spring from an unrighteous emphasis of the same; when respectable, intelligent, refined ladies and gentlemen, those who have won college honors or otherwise made for themselves a respected place among the respectables are denied the common courtesies of travel, refused the amenities and privileges of civilization, for which they are able and willing to pay; when those who have any taint of black blood in them are refused the time-honored rights of trial at the hands of their peers and are mobbed, literally torn to pieces with the fiendishness of savage tribes, while the officers of the law stand aside and the perpetrators of such barbarities are never brought to justice; when in the North we hear a renewal of the prattle about a race doomed to be hewers of wood and carriers of water, and children and grandchildren of veterans lend themselves to the insolent logic of social prejudice and tribal repartee, then it is time to read the nineteenth Psalm; here is the place for "righteous indignation."

We quarrel not with the resolutions of the Indianapolis veterans, but we do call, not only upon this Encampment, but upon the great army throughout the length and breadth of the land to stand by their guns now as they did in the 60's, when the rights of man as man are assailed; when the logic of liberty is being insulted, and when any son or daughter of the United States, black or white, is thwarted by prejudice and lawlessness in the quest for culture and the principles of civilization.

The same mail that brought us these Indianapolis resolutions brought a letter from an eminent member of the Illinois Bench, and we cannot better indicate our sense of the perspective in this matter of "righteous indignation" than by adding to our editorial a portion of this private letter from an honored Chicago Judge.

I felt almost inexpressibly relieved in reading Unity of August 20 when I came upon the extracts of the address on August 9, on the race problem, at Tower Hill.

Nothing—not even the trend of our people toward a cruel war-loving imperialism—has ever saddened and discouraged me so much as what has seemed to me the nearly universal recreancy of the men prominent in the affairs of today in America to the spirit which emancipated and insisted on fair play for the negro.

Everybody, it seemed to me, was timid, compromising and reactionary about it. It justified the statement I saw made as a patent fact in a leading newspaper the other day that "there was not one man in ten thousand now who would not

confess that the endowment of the freedmen with the suffrage after the war was a mistake."

For this mean, low, vulgar prejudice we do not have the excuse that could be made for the "dough faces" of the north before the war. Many of them who so excited Lowell's sarcastic scorn were men who so earnestly believed in the blessing of peace that their belief blinded their eyes to the monstrous injustice with which millions of men were treated.

But now, with everything which makes for peace, for good order, for material prosperity even on the side of justice and fair play—the people are descending into a race prejudice and a condonation of wrong and injustice to the weak beside which the Russian persecution of Jews—terrible as it is—seems justifiable! And this in America less than forty years after our great struggle for liberty!

It is refreshing then, as I say, to be able to feel that there is a saving remnant among us who do not stop for a diatribe against "delays in trying men accused of rape," or against "miscegenation" when his theme is that which ought to occupy all the time and thought with the horrible injustice and meanness of our attitude to a race not inferior but weaker.

The Bridge.

I stood on the bridge at midnight,
As the clocks were striking the hour,
And the moon rose o'er the city,
Behind the dark church-tower.

I saw her bright reflection
In the waters under me,
Like a golden goblet falling
And sinking into the sea.

And far in the hazy distance
Of that lovely night in June,
The blaze of the flaming furnace
Gleamed redder than the moon.

Among the long, black rafters
The wavering shadows lay,
And the current that came from the ocean
Seemed to lift and bear them away:

As, sweeping and eddying through them,
Rose the belated tide,
And, streaming into the moonlight,
The seaweed floated wide.

And like those waters rushing
Among the wooden piers,
A flood of thoughts came o'er me
That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, O how often,
In the days that had gone by,
I had stood on that bridge at midnight
And gazed on that wave and sky!

How often, O how often,
I had wished that the ebbing tide
Would bear me away on its bosom
O'er the ocean wild and wide!

For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me
Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me,
It is buried in the sea;
And only the sorrow of others
Throws its shadow over me.

Yet whenever I cross the river
On its bridge with wooden piers,
Like the odor of brine from the ocean
Comes the thought of other years.

And I think how many thousands
Of care-encumbered men,
Each bearing his burden of sorrow,
Have crossed the bridge since then.

I see the long procession
Still passing to and fro,
The young heart hot and restless,
And the old subdued and slow!

And forever and forever,
As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes;

The moon and its broken reflection
And its shadows shall appear,
As the symbol of love in heaven,
And its wavering image here.

—*Henry W. Longfellow.*

THE PULPIT.

The Bridge.

An After-Vacation Sermon.

PREACHED IN ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO, BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES, SEPTEMBER 20, 1903.

The story of the bridge is the story of civilization. To study its development is to study the rise of the industrial arts. To trace the blossoming of the bridge into beauty, to appreciate the grace, power, complexity or simplicity of the bridge in its highest and most famous elaborations is to take a course in the fine arts. To understand its mechanical construction, to compute the stress and strain of the material—in short, to become a master bridge-builder—implies the highest feats of engineering and the completest mastery of the exact sciences, as it involves the bringing together and the just subordination of the one to the other, of nearly all building material, and all the principles involved in architecture. The pile, the abutment, the pier, the arch, the suspension, wood, stone, cement, iron in all its forms, from the cast-iron tube that offers the maximum of resistance to pressure, to the most highly perfected steel wire that withstands the maximum of tension, all enter into the story of the bridge.

The article on bridges in the Encyclopedia Britannica covers fifty-seven closely printed pages, elaborately illustrated, the illustrations ranging from the most complex geometric designs to a curious and rich collection of historic bridges. A recent American supplement to the Britannica gives the titles of over two hundred famous bridges scattered throughout the world, with descriptive notes for the more recent ones.

Smiles' Life of the Engineers concerns itself largely with the road-makers and bridge-builders of Britain. It is a story as full of thrilling ethical triumphs as it is of mechanical achievements and has become a great classic in English biography.

If you seek a realizing sense of the mechanical and artistic significance of the bridge, in the absence of more elaborate and specific information, turn the pages of the article on bridges in the Britannica and note the curious old London bridge of 1700 loaded with houses. The Rialto where Shylock was spit upon; the gracious low arches of the Ponte della Trinita of Florence; the noble Roman arches of great St. Angelo in Rome, and the high wooden trestle Portage bridge over the Genesee River in the state of New York, which carries a transcontinental freight, human and commercial, across the ravine 234 feet deep. On another page you will find a description of the famous rustic bridge which has given name to the town and has been for generations a pilgrimage point to the intelligent—Pont-y-prydd, in Wales, built over 150 years ago by William Edwards, a country mason, after one or more expensive failures.

Would you note the sociological significance of the bridge? Open your atlas anywhere and notice how the names of the towns, human hives, point to the bridge as the social center around which human society has organized itself. Glance at the map of England for instance, and note its Trowbridge, Tunbridge, Broombridge, Groombridge, Stalybridge, Uxbridge, Bridgeend, Bridgeport, etc. One of England's great university centers was founded at the place where oxen could ford the Thames, but its companion university was established at the bridge over the Cam—so primitive, rural and rustic were the real founders of Oxford and Cambridge. Here is a foundation not less classic than Greek roots or Latin syntax, foundations representing deeper sacrifice and farther-reaching contributions to university support than any funded professorships or

invested bonds given by conquering lords, wealthy dukes, or hooded monks.

But we must speak respectfully of those hooded monks when talking about bridges. The first record we have of bridge-building in Rome is that of the wooden bridge built by her priests. Well might it be builded and guarded by the Pagan hierarchy, so valuable was the triumph, so essential to the city's safety was this highway over the Tiber. Thus these priests won for themselves the title of Pontifices—bridge-makers, a religious title which Christianity adopted. Through all the centuries organized Christianity has honored these primitive bridge-makers. He who the other day, with imposing ceremony, was installed upon the throne of St. Peter and crowned with the triple crown bears the high title of Pontifex Maximus—the head bridge-builder.

But let me not be in too great a hurry to spiritualize this text. The work-a-day significance of it may come to us with a religious impressiveness that the spiritual symbolism fails to give.

St. Benezet of France of the twelfth century, organized a religious order of bridge-building monks which he called "Fratres Pontis," or "Hospitalarii Pontifices."

This order was dedicated to the work of repairing and constructing bridges. Perhaps their fundamental purpose was to expedite the passage of the crusading armies in their quest for reclaiming the grave of the Christ, but these holy bridge-menders and bridge-makers builded wiser than they knew. They furthered human intercourse, expedited trade, advanced commerce. Four arches still remain of the bridge built by this same St. Benezet across the Rhone at Avignon and finished in 1188. For over seven hundred years the little feet of innocent children, the callous feet of soldiers, the bare feet of weary mothers and the slippered feet of ladies have traveled over the arches reared by that old bridge-builder in the twelfth century. Yea, verily, he builded better than he knew. The names of the quarreling Popes who ruled, or tried to rule, in this mediaeval city in France during the Babylonian captivity of the Roman Church are remembered, if remembered at all, with contempt or indifference, but the humble old bridge-builder is remembered with gratitude by the ceaseless tide of human life that still finds solid footing on his arches as they cross over the often-times furious Rhone. The quaint triangular bridge at Croyland, England, is another holy bridge, whose charter dates back to 943. The present structure, reaching back to the fourteenth century, was built by a religious order.

Surely, then, I need offer no apology for trying to find the sermon of the bridge, notwithstanding the surprising fact that the word "bridge" is not found within the lids of the Bible. The explanation is obvious. Israel had not come to the bridge-building age in Bible times. Although classic writers speak of a bridge across the Euphrates at Babylon, built by the Queen Semiramis over a thousand years B. C., yet the bridge is comparatively a modern device, and its introduction into the spiritual commerce of the world is more tardy than into the material intercourse. The bridge has been strangely neglected by the poets, as a recent run through my volumes of poetry has made apparent. Longfellow's poem on "The Bridge" is more unique than one would suppose. We have surely come into the bridge-building business in religion deliberately.

But a truce to the bridge of history, of science and of art. All this is introductory. At the end of another sumer admission in my pulpit work, I wish to bring a simpler message, more personal, and nearer home. My text is an actual bridge, for I too have held a "*pontificate*" this summer of which I fain would report. Half a mile away from the high-stilted couch, which is my bed at night and my horizontal resting place, reading desk and communion-table by day, stretches "my bridge," a humble exponent of the bridge-builder's art. But even this bridge of pile construction, with its combination draw of timber to resist pressure and iron rods to carry tension, is a graceful achievement, spanning the noble river, this summer full to the banks, one-half mile or more apart.

For twelve summers this bridge has been a focal point in my summer vision, a never-wearying source of interest, an object of unconscious watchfulness, a pleasant diversion, the permanent fact in the ever changing landscape, the one bit of stationary prose in the shifting poetry of that entrancing prospect which is my summer joy on Tower Hill. The clouds above are ever shifting. They never sink so low or rise so high but they represent a vanishing and an imponderable element in the view. The bluffs clothed in green, the fields that during the one vacation time change from green through the varying yellows of ripening harvests back to green again, never repeat themselves. So changing are they that even the lines seem movable. Like the telescope the lenses of this landscape are adjustable; they slide in and out; they approach or retreat, as the sun or the moon and stars adjust the focus. But the bridge stays. It is fixed.

Once I tried to bring "my river" into my after-vacation sermon, the patient, tireless, resistless old Wisconsin. I tried to tell how it typified to me the flux of time through the channels of eternity, the immortal flow of mortal life. But my bridge stays, unmoved and apparently immovable. It resists wind and wave; it endures through day and night, through summer and winter. We never look at the same river twice. The waters of yesterday are sixty miles away today; sixty miles nearer the bosom of Mother Ocean. But the old bridge endures. The same timber and piles, the same steel cordage, the same bolts, and presumably the same planks which bade me God-speed last year as I departed were there to greet me this year as I returned.

This bridge is the connecting link between two counties. It is the thoroughfare over which the produce of many farmers passes to the market, and which in turn carries back into the farmer homes on ridge, in valley, and in the pockets of the bluffs, much of the produce of the world. Not only teas and spices from Asiatic sources, but woolens and silks from European mills, sewing machines and reapers, threshing machines and books, love letters and newspapers come back over this bridge into the life of the country side. Indeed, from my ledge, well up on the side of Tower Hill, the bridge is the one standing reminder of human life in my view. Scarcely a time in the day but there is at least one team to be seen moving across the bridge with the deliberation that tempts reflection, for the sign board reads, "Five dollars' fine for driving faster than a walk over this bridge." Oftentimes with the aid of the glass I can identify the outfit, locate its residents and divine its mission. Monday is market day in Spring Green. On that day cattle are driven over this bridge, and wagons with hog racks loaded with pigs, sheep and calves, pass on their way to the Chicago stock yards, a little rill to swell the great food supply of the world.

During the twelve years I have watched this bridge, the barefooted boys who fished from its decks have trained their mustaches and with manly purpose have gone out to seek their places in the big world; and in due time they have come back—some with wives and children, some with city clothes and cosmopolitan airs. Others have come back broken, tattered, alas! maybe debauched. I have heard more than once the quick

clatter of trotting hoofs on the bridge which told me that the doctor was sent for, for the walking rule is waived in his case. Sometimes the trotting team of the doctor took him to help babes to their cordial welcome, often he went to do what little human skill may do to allay the pain and smooth the road over which all must pass soon or late, out of the mystery of the today into the no greater mystery of the tomorrow, and the hearse in due time led the solemn procession across the bridge.

The primary significance of my bridge, then, is that of the human investment in this world of beauty. The bridge represents not only the man, whom artists like to introduce into every landscape which they paint, but it represents society, corporate man in the larger landscapes of God. City people in vacation time flee to the country. They covet, or think they covet, solitude. They glorify Nature and talk of "living close to her heart," of being "nourished on her bosom." But let the bridge be washed away, and in twenty-four hours there is discomfort, in forty-eight hours suffering, and if the blockade continues there is a flight for the city.

As embryologists find the whole story of human origin and ascent, from the worm to the man, written brief in the development of every child, so is the story of the white man's settlement in Sauk and Iowa Counties, from the log cabin pioneer to him who sits in his cushioned surrey driving a spanking team in silver-mounted harness, written small in the story of my bridge, and my own memory that goes back of the bridge. I remember when the tides of commerce ran lengthwise, not crosswise, of the Wisconsin River. The canoe and the skiff, the flat-boat propelled by poles, then one driven by horse power, this supplanted by the wire rope with its trolley that compelled the current to carry the boat across, were the forerunners of my bridge. It is less than fifteen years since the ferry gave way to the bridge. This bridge itself is a sociological anachronism. It is a belated toll-bridge owned by private corporation, contributing to individual wealth, rather than the up-to-date highway that represents the common property of, for, and by the public.

Do not wonder, then, at the double bridge I have seen from my dreamy summer couch. As Emerson saw two rivers "pulsing through the Concord plain," so I have seen two bridges span "my river," and it also often runs double. The freight of one bridge was tangible; its value can be computed; its nature I have tried to hint at. But the freight which passed over the other was intangible, inestimable, and beyond the power of words to describe. And still this ghostly bridge was the more real, the more permanent, and bore the more precious freight. This bridge was the viaduct over which human hopes passed, over which human loves traveled. This bridge was now garlanded in smiles and again moistened with tears. This bridge carried the freight that furnished palatial homes in log cabins. It carried away the furnishings which left barren and desolate opulent, commodious houses, well built, well decorated, protected by paint and made luxurious with carpets. Over this bridge have I seen strong-handed, hard-working young men pass into decrepitude and suffering. Over this bridge have traveled before my eyes strong hearts, rich in mother love, touching with angel tenderness woman's sympathetic hands, radiating cheerfulness that warmed a neighborhood, lending her arms to the Eternal that he through her might uphold the orphan, guide the homeless and strengthen the discouraged. This bridge crossed the passion-streams of life. It enabled the soul to cross the appetites, pass over the greeds and grossness of animal instincts and brutal tendencies, aye, and to pass on out of the bounds of time and vision.

There are terrible chasms, great gulfs, mighty rapids to cross, and, in the direst emergencies, in the supreme passages, the only bridge that can be constructed is the suspension bridge, in the geography of spirit as in the geography of matter.

It was a slender string which the kite, borne on the wings of the wind, first carried across the wild cataract of Niagara. But that kite string drew after it a cord, the cord carried a rope, the rope a cable, and the cable the steel strands which were woven into the mighty basketry of the suspension bridge, adequate to stand the strain of transcontinental trains.

So over this Wisconsin River of life, across the cataract of pain, of separation and death, the soul, the primitive and only bridge-builder, the *Pontifex Maximus* in the realm of spirit and of matter, has sent forward its dreams, kites borne on the wings of its longings, and somehow a lodgment was effected on the yonder side. These dreams became wishes; wishes, hopes. Then the bridge-builder grew dextrous and industrious. A marvelous basketry of analogies, intimations, prophecies, promises, premonitions, logic and presumptive demonstration was woven until at last the bridge of faith was constructed, a bridge which has proved adequate to the strain of the human heart in its direst extremities. The more closely you analyze the component parts of this bridge the more clearly will you see that its most fundamental elements are human tears and groans, the pangs of stricken hearts, the cries of orphaned children. In short, our bridge is indeed a veritable "Bridge of Sighs." Yet it has soothed the lonely spirit in its darkest hours. It has brought cheer to broken firesides, strengthened again the shattered roof-tree, held men and women to their truest. Aye, this bridge of faith has proved equal to the mighty strain, not of transcontinental, but of transmundane freight, albeit the bridge which spans this measureless chasm linking worlds together, is a suspension bridge, whose beginning is light and whimsical as a kite string, but whose completion is more staunch than steel chains anchored in granite towers.

But not even the bridge of faith in the immortal life, over which multitudes have gone singing to the stake, chanting anthems of praise while the flames choked them or wild beasts tore them, is the noblest and most difficult achievement of this bridge-builder, the soul of man. Death does not strain the bridge as life does. Many a soul has found easy passage to immortality who might have faltered, stumbled and failed to make successful the passage through the remainder of the allotted three score and ten years of mortal time. Not death but duty demands the more frequent and stronger bridges. Faith is an earlier achievement of religion than ethics; morality is religion's last and highest road, and in obedience to its demands the great bridge-building achievements of the soul have been attained. For nineteen centuries Christendom has been busy in bridging the way to the kingdom of God on the other side of the River of Death, but at the end of these nineteen centuries there is only here and there a soul who really believes in the possibility of a kingdom of God on earth, now, and here, and applies himself to the construction of the necessary bridges that are to sustain its traffic.

Say what we will, the ethical life is largely a thing of roads and bridges. We hear much of the sanctities of the appetites, and of the crimes perpetrated by asceticism. The monks of the Catholic church and the Puritans of the Protestant movement are being blamed much in these days for their unnatural suppression of the natural instincts and appetites of life. Much is to be said in this direction. Many grave mistakes have been made, but after all is said, there still remains the sublime fact that the higher commerce of the spiritual as well as of the industrial world is not a down-stream nor yet an up-stream, but an across-the-stream commerce. The ethical life is a thing of bridges and not

of streams, and bridges are always man-made, artificial. The so-called "natural bridges" of the world represent but a fanciful play upon words, and they have but little economic value in the commerce of the world. The distinction between barbarism and civilization is a thing of bridges. The barbarian goes where he likes and does what he pleases. His action is a thing of currents and of winds. He floats with the tide, whereas the civilized man crosses the streams, defies the tides, and sails against the winds. Not inclination but duty; not selfish pleasure but social gain is the traffic which he would further. Let me try to say it once more. Down-stream morality is barbarism or leads to it. Up-stream morality is asceticism. Cross-stream morality is civilization. The first leads either to brutality or imbecility; the second to stolidity and isolation; the third to social service and to brotherhood. This highest traffic, spiritual as material, is dependent upon bridges, and he who is most successful in creating these structures, the high guardian and constructor of bridges, is the Pontifex Maximus—the master bridge-builder.

There is a tradition that the first wooden bridge built across the Thames in London was built by a religious order founded by a Mary, a ferryman's daughter. It is a matter of record that the first stone bridge over the Thames was begun in the latter part of the twelfth century by the head of such an order—Peter of Colechurch. This work was thirty years in the building; the faithful monk died four years before its completion, and was buried in the bridge chapel of his own construction. Beautifully suggestive is this chapel on the bridge, for what has been the function of the church in all times? Herein lies the potency of the Sabbath day, the sanctity of which is enjoined by holy experience as well as by holy writ: it is a revelation of economics as well as of Hebrew Scripture. What is the political economy of pulpit and preacher, of hymn and prayer, invocation and benediction, Sunday-school and class meeting, family altars and blessings at the table? It is just the political economy of the bridge. By the power of epigram, proverb, commandment, the basketry of "line upon line and precept upon precept," the cumulative strength of acquired habit, the bridges are constructed by which an across-the-stream civilization is made possible.

In these summer months we have been talking much of living "close to the heart of nature" and we prate about the religion of nature, but he who goes to nature for any other purpose than that of taking prompt, successful and all continuous departure therefrom goes to his stupidity and his degradation. Nature does offer to us abundant material; it furnishes adequate foundation, if we get deep enough, but we must build the bridge. Natural religion, untouched by culture, unshaped by experience, unformed by man, is the religion of fear, of selfishness. It is craven; it is superstition. The religion we want is that extra-natural religion, that something above and beyond, which man, the poet, the maker under God, adds to, improves uopn, and when necessary antagonizes the lower nature to reach.

I began by saying that the bridge is the fixed element in my Tower Hill picture; that it stays from year to year. The bridge stands while the river flows, the trees grow, and even the hills continuously yield to the never wearying chisels of frosts and floods, of cold and heat. But this stability is only seeming and at best but relative, for what was new fifteen years ago is now spoken of as "the old bridge." Its piles are rotting; its timbers have sagged; the hand-railing wabbles, and the irons are rendered uncertain with rust. Already it has been condemned by the experts and a new iron bridge is contracted for.

This, then is our first lesson. The bridge spiritual, like the bridge material, must needs be kept in repair. It must be an object of constant vigilance; old timbers must be replaced by new. The bridge that securely served the grandfather is unsafe to the grandchild. Traditional morality, inherited institutions, the bequeathed church, the devotions of the elders, and the faith of the mothers will not do today; to us they are unsound and insecure. Inasmuch, then, as bridges are the indispensable conditions of morality as of commerce, it behooves us to keep them in repair, ever replacing the old with the new, keeping the bridge up to date.

A strange new bridge problem is coming to the front in these great agricultural states of the Northwest.

The advent of the traction engine as a motive power to drive the great threshing machines of the West severely tests the sustaining power of the country bridges as they go from farm to farm. State laws prescribe the strength adequate to the old demands of traffic, but these ponderous self-propelling engines represent a weight not anticipated by the legislative fathers and unprovided for. Every year the threshers are going up to these state capitals asking for the new legislation necessary to protect and encourage their enlarging business, while the conservative tax-payer tries to forestall the evil day when the expenses of new and stronger bridges must be met.

For three days there was an interruption on the road that is the only outlet from Tower Hill. Two of the little bridges in our vicinity had to be taken down, new piles driven, stronger girders put in position and new planks provided. Meanwhile gates had to be opened, the traffic turned into the meadows, and a guest-scaring gulch had to be ventured, while the traction engine stood cold and silent by the roadside waiting for the new bridges that would give it the freedom of the road.

This, then, is lesson number two: With the advance of civilization and the new complications of society, comes unexpected strain upon the ethical supports, the moral bridges of life. The bridges that are adequate to sustain the moral life of the young man in the quiet of the farm and in the shelter of the home, prove inadequate in the excitements of the city. In the presence of urban temptations many a business man who has been able wisely and honorably to administer a small business has been corrupted, and, what is worse, has become a source of corruption in his large business. Many a woman who was sweet and self-directing, adequate to the duties of wife and mother in the cottage, has grown foolish, shallow, and a moral pervert in the mansion. Many a young man and young woman who could stand the test of the side street have gone down on the boulevard. The story of corruption in high life, the scandals of politics, the disappointments of men high in office, are all explained by this parable of the traction engine on country roads. The upper timbers of the bridge are too light; they must needs be strengthened in order to carry the added strain incident to the complexities of modern life, the triumphs of corporate man. Today there are no such things as private morals or individual ethics. Morality must henceforth always use the plural pronoun. All duties are public duties, and every citizen is responsible for civic morality. It is then the first business of the church and the school to strengthen the bridges; make adequate the support of the heavier engines that are to do more and better work for God and man, if only the bridges are adequate. Let us strengthen the superstructure, look to the timbers, and test the planking of the highways over which our children must pass,

either to triumph or to disgrace, to power or to degeneracy.

Still another and last bridge parable: The writer in the Britannica refers to the great steel bridge that spans the Mississippi River at St. Louis as "the finest example of a metal arch yet erected." This great bridge on its inauguration day was loaded throughout its entire length of 1600 feet with four continuous lines of the heaviest railroad locomotives attainable, and it sustained them without a perceptible sag. Captain Eads, the great engineer, before he set about his unique and daring task, studied closely the action of the water in the channel. He discovered that a rise of 13 feet in the surface of the river caused a scour of 18 feet in the bottom, and that in the great freshet of 1870 the scour reached a depth of 51 feet in the muddy bed. In order to be prepared for the extremest emergency he resolved to carry his piles down below all possible wash-out, and plant them on the eternal rock, the granite backbone of the continent. And so with the marvelous audacity of science he sunk his caissons down, down 110 feet below the water level. There he found the granite and planted there in the obscurity of the netherworld the sure foundations of the bridge which in the upper air is a thing of beauty as well as of strength, the envy and admiration of the bridge-builders of the world.

This brings us to lesson number three: Every addition to the volume of life increases the scour, adds to the pressure below, threatens the underpinning of the bridge so that with every influx of new joy, every enlargement of power, every new achievement of mind, every fresh love of the heart or high ambition of the soul, there is a call for the deepening of the pillars. Genius has temptations that the mediocre know not of. A culture the abutments of which are not deeply planted is a menace to society.

This is the challenge of the twentieth century to the church: "Find for us the adequate foundations of morality; show us whereon to plant the abutments of our bridge. It is the business of philosophy today to sink the caissons of human thought, hopes and duties so deep that they strike the granite rock of the Eternal right, for only on such a foundation can the trustworthy bridge be built."

I must bring my sermon of the Bridge to an end. Perhaps the parable of the country bridge is too simple to fit the complexities of the city life which now again confronts us. At any rate, the rude wooden structure in Wisconsin is nearly two hundred miles away. Its quiet serenity, its subtle symbolism, its ballad-like poetry, may be non-transferable. They may have eluded me, slipping through my fingers as I tried to bring them here. I at least shall sorely miss my old bridge in the pressure of the city, but in the joy of its high and hard tasks, may the bridge rise before us ever and anon as a reminder of the task in hand—to replace with new the decayed timbers, to strengthen the superstructure, and to deepen the foundations of morality in our midst, to so adjust the life about us to its surroundings, nay, to so elevate the life above its surroundings, that we may safely swell the tides of joy, increase the weight of responsibilities that eddy about us and within us, because the new bridges are equal to the task and worthy of the high emergency.

Let us rise to the opportunities of members of the holy bridge-building fraternity. May we be equal to our high pontificate, diligent in our heavenly tasks, obedient to the divine task-master, the true *Pontifex Maximus,* the lord of heaven and earth, whose dominion is temporal and terrestrial because it is eternal and celestial.

John Wesley's Tolerance.

The *Century Magazine* has been printing, in its July and August numbers, a remarkably clear and well-written account of the life and labors of John Wesley. It is a model of what a brief biography ought to be, and is illustrated after the admirable manner of the *Century.* The author is Professor Winchester, of the chair of English Literature in Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut. His articles are deserving of reproduction in book form with the illustrations.

The biographer does not spare his subject's faults, and on the other hand his portrait brings out some striking traits in Wesley that might not have been surmised by one acquainted only with the more evident traits of the church that venerates him as its founder. Not the least of these virtues is Wesley's tolerance. Speaking of Wesley as a religious leader, his biographer says much of the moral revolution wrought by his teaching, and of his profound influence upon English manners in the eighteenth century. He then continues: "And it should be said that Wesley used his immense personal influence with singular wisdom and liberality. He had in his hands control of the whole system of Methodist discipline, but he did not attempt to bind the members of his societies by narrow or rigid rules, still less to impose upon them arbitrarily his own judgments. He was anxious only that Methodists should be good Christians. On doubtful matters he did not prescribe or prohibit, but left the decision in such cases where it belongs—with the individual conscience. In an admirable sermon on amusements, after admitting that much may be said for the drama—he was a lover of dramatic literature himself, and used to advise his preachers to read plays that they might cultivate a natural mode of speech—he decides that, for himself, he could not go to the theater or play at cards with a clear conscience; but he adds: 'Possibly others can; I am not obliged to pass any sentence on them that are otherwise minded. I leave them to their own Master; to him let them stand or fall.'" Upon which Professor Winchester makes the significant comment that Wesley's successors "have not always been so wise."

The account proceeds: "Still more noteworthy was his liberality in matters of belief. Liberality is easy when you have no belief of your own that you are very sure of; but Wesley had a consistent set of theological opinions, which he held very stoutly. Yet the only requirement of those who sought admission to his societies was the purpose to lead a religious life. Presbyterians, Onabaptists, Quakers were welcome, 'and none will contend with them as to their opinions.' 'Where is there,' Wesley asks reasonably enough, 'such a catholic society? In Europe? In the habitable world? I know of none. Let no one talk of the big otry of Methodists.' To some Methodists themselves [again comments the biographer] such liberality seemed excessive. But Wesley, while always ready to defend his own creed, was faithful to his favorite maxim, 'Think and let think.' 'I am sick of opinions,' he said in his last year; 'let my soul be with Christians, wherever they are and whatsoever opinions they be of.' In fact," the passage concludes, "his tolerance extended quite beyond the limits of Christianity. He not only had admiration and sympathy for such heretics as Pelagius and Servetus, but was glad to think of Socrates and Marcus Aurelius as among the many who came from the east and the west to sit down in the kingdom of God. History may be challenged in vain to find another religious leader of equal prominence and equal positiveness of personal opinion who showed such breadth of charity."

Comparisons like that suggested in the last sentence are usually beside the mark, because, however care-

fully they may be worded, it is never possible either thoroughly to confirm or effectually to refute them. Enough that Wesley was what he was, without reference to other men who also did their own work in their own way.

The Methodist church, which he founded, has not, on the whole, imitated Wesley's breadth of mind regarding amusements, or his religious tolerance. Nothing perhaps contributes so much to keep its great influence within narrow social boundaries as the clause in its discipline that forbids its members dancing, theater-going and card-playing. Liable to serious abuse as each and all of these are, they yet belong to that side of life which should be left, as Professor Winchester truly says, with the individual conscience. Attempts to legislate them out of existence, whether by church or state, can only fail, except with a timid or devoted minority, because all three forms of amusement respond to natural cravings for relaxation which may well be wholly innocent and which stubbornly refuse to be suppressed.

In its limitations as a religious organization, it is apparent that the Methodist church still bears strongly the stamp of its origin. Its service in England, and especially its pioneer service in America, is filling the land with preachers of righteousness and of Christianity at a time when such preaching, even if by unlearned men, was the bread of life to multitudes, can scarcely be exaggerated. Yet in its later development, Methodism too much cherished the peculiarities, if not the eccentricities, of its first exponents. It continued to be too exclusively a religion of sudden conversions, of revival excitements, and of crude piety untempered by rational judgment. Recent psychological study, indeed, has strongly confirmed its fundamental insistence upuon the primacy of feeling in the experience of religion. But psychology, in the person of Professor James, has also coined for us of late that most catholic of phrases,—"the *varieties* of religious experience." All but one or two of these varieties the popular Methodism still stolidly refuses to recognize. Pelagius and Servetus, who were dear to the sympathies of Wesley, are scarcely to be named among its saints; while Socrates and Marcus Aurelius it implicitly condemns, together with the rest of the noble and ignoble heathen, to that outer darkness where there is to be wailing and gnashing of teeth.

In writing thus, it is not forgotten that there are signs of the coming of a broader and more enlightened spirit into American Methodism. English Wesleyanism, like English orthodox dissent in general, may safely be assumed to be both more scholarly and more broad minded than that of America. The door of hope in this country, however, opens in the same direction—that of scholarship. Methodism has been a great force in education. Its schools and colleges dot the continent. It has given birth to the marvelous Chautauqua system, whereby the essentials of learning are taken to the million in ways that university extension courses and correspondence schools can emulate but not excel. Now that the pioneering work of a new country is mostly over, and Methodist preachers do not have to be supplied at a rate faster than the schools can turn them out, more care is being taken with their training; an improvement that can have only good results.

From Professor Winchester's articles it is strikingly evident that Wesley's scholarship was what gave him the breadth of tolerance which his followers have so generally lacked. Educated a clergyman in the Church of England, and a fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford, his was a remarkable figure to stand at the head of a religious movement which depended for its first great extension upon lay-preachers, whose only divinity school was the Methodist prayer and class meeting, and whose scholarship did not extend beyond the covers of the English Bible. Wesley's own learning is well shown in the materials of his tireless reading. "Books, indeed," says Professor Winchester, "were almost his only companions in his lonely and wandering life. Wherever he rode, on horseback or by coach, a volume was always open before him. And his reading included the best the world afforded. In his monotonous and wearisome labors, performed mostly with and for people of narrow horizon and scanty ideas, he found refreshment and inspiration in the works of the masters of literature. One week he reads over again the 'Odyssey,' and breaks out into a fine burst of enthusiasm over the charm of its description and the nobility of its morals; another time he reads over the tenth book of the 'Iliad' while riding to Newcastle; or it is the 'Cyropædia' of Zenophon, or the 'Letters' of Cicero. Homer, Virgil, Oriosto, Tasso, Shakespeare, Milton, Voltaire—they are all among the companions of his travel."

A mind accustomed to graze in high and broad pastures such as these could hardly confine itself within the fences of a sect, even if the sect were of its own half-intentional creation. Few of Wesley's early followers were of anything like his intellectual mould, and limitations against which his generous culture would have chafed were readily imposed upon the sect of "Methodists" which grew so surprisingly from the preaching of his untrained but God-inspired lay-evangelists.

The cycle of this primitive Methodism is now fulfilled; and a race of preachers is fast coming into Methodist pulpits whose thorough scholarship need not shrink from comparison with Wesley's own. The faith they proclaim is not less deep and earnest because it is broader and more rational than the church in general has been ready to embrace. The hope of Methodism, as a leading factor in the future religious life of America, is in these men of the Wesley type. It is likely that for a long time yet the masses of the people will prefer force to refinement in the pulpit; that they will value depth of personal conviction rather than tolerance of other convictions. Yet these are qualities that properly belong together. The men in whom they are united, in Methodism and in all the sects, are fast leaving behind the cramping limits of the old dogmatic theologies. Out of a rational and scholarly interpretation of present experience, in the light of the past, they are shaping a new and noble faith, whose adherents before another century rolls around will make the present hosts of Methodism seem like a scouting party sent out before the advance of the great army that is to follow.

St. Paul, Minn. RICHARD W. BOYNTON.

Farm Colonies of the Salvation Army.

The cure of poverty seems to be appearing in some small measure, and along other lines than those suggested by Mr. Henry George and the long line of revolutionary theorists. The practical method follows the lines laid down in the ordinary stuff of human nature, namely, stimulating self-respect and appealing to the property sense. A most interesting report of some of these practical achievements is contained in the last (September) number of the Bulletin of the Bureau of Labor of the United States Department of Commerce and Labor, edited by Hon. Carroll D. Wright, which publishes an article by Commander Booth Tucker on "Farm Colonies of the Salvation Army." These colonies, founded in the United States in 1898 "for the purpose of enabling stranded but worthy families to keep together and ultimately, by their own exertions and payments, to become home owners," have already passed beyond the experimental period, and become practically self-supporting. The colonization plan suggested by General Booth

Tucker's "Darkest England" seemed to many to be only the dream of an enthusiast; but Commander Booth Tucker is able to vindicate by facts his statement that, "As a result of close observation, and the experience of some years' work among the classes designed to be benefited by the scheme, the conclusion is reached that all and more than all that General Booth Tucker promised in his "Darkest England" scheme can be accomplished.

Besides the report of the three farm colonies of the Salvation Army in the United States, and those in South Africa, Australia and England, the article gives an admirable account of government colonization in New Zealand, and the beginning of similar work by the Canadian government, with stated and implied criticisms of the management of free lands by our own government, which has sought rather to people the waste districts than to save wasted lives. With the rapid growth of our cities, and an increasing class of people not able to cope with the hard struggle for life in the congested regions, such suggestions may be fruitful for the contemplation of citizens not interested in the especial work of the Salvation Army. What church, or body of churches, has not among those for whom it labors many families who can live in the great city only as perpetual pensioners of some sort of charity, but who might be rendered self-supporting and self-respecting amid other and more favorable conditions? And if the Salvation Army, with its ideals and teaching, is able to succeed in this venture, what might not be done by a body with higher ideals and a more advanced creed? But while the churches which press on to newer truth and larger ideals are doing little in a practical line for the people who most need help, the Salvation Army is leading the whole company in efforts towards a practical salvation. What city would not profit by a successful colonization scheme, placing hundreds of families now dependent upon public or private bounty in positions of self-support and making them valuable members of society? And how must less the cost both in money and in that which money cannot buy. But until and unless our churches and cities—and it is properly the work of the latter—awake to their opportunity and responsibility, it is becoming to all churchmen and citizens to lend such co-operation as may be needed to make the utmost of the beneficent work now being conducted by the Salvation Army.

Theory is abundant, unmatched by practice, and many await a new social order which shall abolish the evils of the present. To such Commander Booth Tucker's words offer food for thought, when he says: "The experience of the Salvation Army is adverse to community of ownership in such settlements. Such ownership usually results in the lazy doing of nothing and expecting everything, while the industrious do everything and get nothing—at least nothing commensurate with their toil. Thus a premium is placed upon idleness. This community ends in the industrious becoming discouraged, pulling out and going where they can get the rewards of their industry. The others are then quickly scattered." The experience of communities seeking to set example of a new social order are thus well summed up, and we are left with the old way of doing things which the ages have evolved and proved. Whatever may be the outcome of social changes now going on, generations to come will find the way of life much as it has always been, and the return to nature, to the farm, the simple community and the life of independent and self-respecting toil must be the solution of the problem of many a distressed and submerged family unable to cope with the economic conditions of city life.

LESLIE WILLIS SPRAGUE.

Montclair, N. J.

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EDITORS.
JENKIN LLOYD JONES. WILLIAM KENT.

ASSISTANT EDITOR.
EDITH LACKERSTEEN.

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes.

First Glimpses of Holland.—My previous letter was closed for the French mail while it was still uncertain at what hour we should reach Boulogne-sur-Mer. A beautiful sunset passed unnoticed while I was inditing its closing lines, and when, having dropped it into the mail bag, I went on deck familiar lines of gleaming lights showed that we were already passing some of the great seaside resorts of southeastern England. As darkness deepened the bow, where I had kept restful and for the most part solitary lookout through many hours of that sunny day, became the general center of attraction, for there we could now plainly see the Dover and Boulogne lights making search light bows to one another across the channel. A fascinatingly pretty sight it was, which held some of us, in spite of cold and dampness, until not merely the search lights but the revolving light as well became invisible, with the gleam of mirror light houses also and rows of far-away city lights along the French shore.

How eagerly we watched their gradual approach until at last, about 11:30 p. m., we were off Boulogne-sur-Mer and casting anchor in the roadstead! Must we lie there till morning? Keenly we peered through the darkness for an answer to our signal lights and at length descried with genuine satisfaction the shadowy forms of pilot-boat and transfer steamer both approaching. Instantly the bow was deserted for the ship's side, to watch the transfer of passengers. The little tug, quite a fair-sized boat after all, soon lay bobbing up and down alongside, its motion keeping the connecting gangplank at so sharp an angle that an erect position in crossing it was practically impossible. The scene was illuminated by a great headlight, or reflector, on the Statendam's side, and we looked down from the deck above on a few moments of the most bustling activity. The unceremonious way in which passengers and luggage, particularly the poor steerage passengers and their effects, were hustled over that heaving gangplank and almost tossed into place left the rest of us very thankful that our plans did not necessitate our landing at a mere port-of-call. Mail bags and packages of newspapers were exchanged, then flags and handkerchiefs waved and farewells shouted in various tongues as the little steamboat went bobbing away into the darkness. Forward we hurried again to see the raising of the anchors and no one said us nay, though by daylight next morning we were not allowed anywhere within range during that operation. When the Statendam was once more on her way we contentedly sought our pillows.

Next morning found us off the Hook of Holland confronted by an ebb-tide, necessitating some hours of weary riding at anchor. Quite a fleet of Dutch fishing smacks of characteristic build and rigging afforded a transient interest, but they gradually disappeared northward. Later the band played as usual and the lively young people held a last dance all unconscious that death had visited us that last night and taken from the steerage a mother and babe almost with the ebbing tide.

An early dinner was served and then at last we were once more under weigh and fairly started up the river Maas for the harbor of Rotterdam. Trunks and bags were collected on deck for the customs inspection and eager eyes watched the changing panorama to right and left. The Boer soldier, too feeble to stand, his heart swelling with indescribable emotions on this return to his native land, sat on the luggage and gently answered our questions, or pointed out objects of interest on river or shore, identifying the great steamers from Java, South America, and all parts of the world that bore eloquent witness to "brave little Holland's grip on that world's commercial life." Yes, this was Holland, there could be no doubt. The low green fields, the dykes, the canals, the occasional windmills, the picturesque water towers, the glid-

ing sails seen here and there against a background of trees, all proved it the country we had come to see, yet even as we gazed great tanks of the Standard Oil Company and ever-recurring advertisements of Quaker Oats and "Sunlight Zeep" spoke of the inevitable "American invasion." Clouds of black smoke and roaring flames rose from the blazing hull of a small steamer whose gasoline, or benzine, tank had been exploded that morning with loss of several lives, supposedly by a spark from the captain's cigar. From the green meadows close by a large crowd watched the wreck, which was still burning when we left Rotterdam next day.

On the face of jolly "Little Pete," the Dutch soldier-boy-to-be, a woe-begone look had been settling as we neared the dock, and he saw no one to meet him. Suddenly he began to dance and caper. "Why there's my father and brother! I've been looking at them all this time and didn't know them! And gee-whiz! my brother's bigger'n I am! What do you think of having a younger brother bigger than you are? He used to lick me before I went away and now he'll do it sure!" he cried excitedly. Half an hour later, as we rattled through the streets in a hotel omnibus, we caught our last glimpse of the radiant Pete. Paternal pride was visible in the very swing of the father's walking-stick, while on Pete's other hand the big younger brother dutifully carried the wanderer's dress suit case and seemed likely to treat him with all due respect for awhile at least.

Rotterdam is a busy, bustling place—notwithstanding the scorn of a New Yorker who could not get a $10 gold piece exchanged at a railroad station. Its street life seemed interesting and was about all we saw. The first business after reaching our hotel was to provide ourselves with Dutch money by looking up a bank. Then came dinner, farewells to steamer comrades departing on evening trains. Later a restful ride on the top of a double-decker tram-car through the swarming Hoog-straat, a narrow but brilliant business thoroughfare built on one of the oldest dykes in Holland, out to the suburbs and back again, was not seriously interfered with by a few drops of rain. With a call at a book-store and investment in a Baedeker, the day ended for this member of the company.

Breakfast time next morning brought more farewells, and soon there were left going in one direction only the Innocents abroad, the two American students and your scribe. Of these, the majority favored immediate departure for the Hague, but the scribe's counsels prevailed, who suggested that it being Sunday morning, it might be possible by going to the great St. Lawrence church to hear its famous organ, one of the largest in the world. And so it proved. The church was opened about half an hour before service, giving us an opportunity to view the elaborate monuments of several old Dutch admirals which it contains. Then how good it seemed after ten days of brass band and dancing, and all the hurly-burly just lived through, to sit down opposite the most benign, serene-faced preacher in his hanging pulpit and let the great waves of that great organ music and the old Dutch hymns roll over and around us, not drowning, but lifting, resting and inspiring!

That church was a revelation to the Innocents and their friends. So was Baedeker. Before the sermon we slipped out. "Now," I said, "I am ready for The Hague, if you wish," and in half an hour we were on our way there. Upon arrival our first quest, after care of hand luggage, was luncheon. At a cafe and billiard room near the station a generous portion of tender, juicy beefsteak, nice fried potatoes, bread, butter and coffee, with a fee to the waiter, cost us but the equivalent of an American quarter. Thus fortified and with Baedeker as our guide we started through the town to the Mauritshuis, containing the noted picture gallery. At the first open bookstore we came to two more Baedekers were purchased and I felt that henceforth those young people would travel less aimlessly, even if they went rapidly through Europe. They went through this gallery seeing its best pictures, the Anatomy lesson and other Rembrandts, Paul Potter's bull, etc.; walked through the Binnen-hof, saw some of the public monuments and then, too weary to care for anything more, departed for Amsterdam.

I saw them off and that Sunday evening found me settled at the Hotel Central, ready with the morrow to enter on the plans with which I left America. Of them anon. M. E. H.

Our Tower Hill Letter.

A Christening.

All summer long Miss Bertha Howe's white-and-green cottage under the Great Juniper—if you wonder how a cottage can grow under a juniper bush, come to Tower Hill and see—has been waiting for its name. The mistress of the cottage is a lover of Indian lore, and the name must therefore be an aboriginal one. It must also express the spirit and intent of this home on the hillside. At length, through the kind offices of Professor Prince, of Columbia University, a skillful interpreter of Indian life and an adept in several aboriginal languages, the name was found—*Wel-a-wi-ben*, House of Peace—and on Wednesday evening of the last week of the encampment, the guests were bidden to the christening. There were but ten of them, for the family on the hill was now reduced to that number. The invitations proved that Mr. Jones's summer reading of Emerson's poems had not fallen entirely upon stony or thorn-choked ground. The seed had taken root and had come to flower and fruitage in one heart at least, for every invitation carried an Emerson motto of its own. If you want a new game some evening, take down your copy of Emerson's poems from the shelf and see how many quotable bits you can find which could not and would not be left out of a collection made for a House of Peace which chanced to be built in the woods on a hill-side overlooking the river and the sunset.

The evening was a cool one and we were obliged to forego the hospitality of the broad porch—there are no piazzas or verandas on Tower Hill, for they have somehow got themselves mixed up with summer hotel gossip and fancy work—and sit indoors, which is against the law on Tower Hill until the fall air is crisp enough to make shelter a necessity. But as the sun has by this time, as it does every season, learned the good Tower Hill custom of going early to bed without the bad counterbalancing habit of early rising—in this also it follows the Tower Hill precedent—we had no sunset to lose and were presently more than reconciled, for a glorious fire was built on the altar,—by what less sacred name shall I call an open wood stove ablaze for our joy with the ruddy heart of an oak tree?

One corner of the room was made a shrine for golden-rod and purple asters. The triple north windows, which, by the way, are on the west side of the house, were wreathed with wild smilax, a vase on the reading table was filled with white asters and false Solomon's seal with its exquisite, coral-like berries—the name is a libel, for the plant is as honest as its namesake and far more beautiful. Bitter-sweet and Virginia creeper ran riot over the book case with its few but precious volumes, and all these woodland treasures with others whose mention space forbids, were gathered within a few rods of the cottage—so rich and varied is the flora of Tower Hill.

There had been no strain for a program—a little of it was planned beforehand, but much was impromptu, and all of it was subject to continual and spontaneous emendation. We had the right hostess and the right leader, and ten guests make exactly the right number for a perfect evening. It was near the end of our play time, and we were like children out of school, bound to make the most of it. We were happy and effervescent. At times we imagined we were witty. In short, we were satisfied with ourselves, our company and our surroundings. Again at times we were deeply touched with the reverence and solemnity which became the installation of a new home, dedicated to simplicity, to hospitality, to high thinking, and to the communion of the inner life.

The hostess told us the story of the name *Wel-a-wi-ben*, and at her request the leader read some short Indian tales, translated by Charles Godfrey Leland and the Professor Prince above mentioned, to whom the cottage owes its name. The guests by request read their invitations and responded with sentiments of their own, made or borrowed for the occasion. For, as often happens, mediocrity was contented with classics, while ambition aspired to originality. There was frank and unlimited comment on all this, and the nonsense was glorious, but it was easy to rise out of it to higher levels. The harvest of beauty on the walls called for the twenty-fourth Psalm, "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof," and demanded the responsive reading, in which the company reverently joined:

> "For the wealth of pathless forests
> Whereon no ax may fall;
> For the winds that haunt the branches,
> The young birds timid call;
> For the red leaves dropped like rubies
> Upon the dark green sod;
> For the waving of the forests—
> We thank thee, O our God!"

We remembered the star-lit dome above us and we repeated the nineteenth Psalm, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and night unto night showeth knowledge." The starry heavens beyond are somehow related to the sense of ought within, and we said the Beatitudes. We groped a little for the song that should best express the sense of the new home, and we sang "Home, Sweet Home." The pastor's words of benediction lifted us to still higher level and completed the dedication of *Wel-a-wi-ben*. Then back to the C major of life and refreshments. And now it was high bed-time on Tower Hill. We lighted our lanterns and went out under the stars.

"And the name of that chamber was Peace."

September 16, 1903. EVELYN H. WALKER.

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